

# NEW OKLAHOMAN IN LIMELIGHT

Chicago, Ill., June 18.—When a new man comes into the limelight of publicity and is found strong enough to withstand the withering scrutiny of press and people, the first question asked is "Where's he from?" and the next, "Who are his ancestors?" for he is from the American people of today to be without curiosity. Therefore when the name of George C. Priestley kept bobbing into prominence in Oklahoma politics, and finally when he was chosen almost unanimously, as national republican committeeman at the recent state convention against one of the oldest war horses of the party, people asked repeatedly: "Who's Priestley; where's he from; who were his ancestors," and not a few of them expressed the hope that here was truly a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness in which they had been wandering.

And like all men of weight and wearing qualities, Geo. C. Priestley comes from some well defined place and has ancestors who "were somebody."

Geo. Priestley is essentially a business man in Oklahoma, where he has amassed a fortune handling oil and oil leases, but back in Pennsylvania he dabbled some in politics and helped overthrow several corrupt machines.

He comes from a distinguished family, being a lineal descendant of Dr. Joseph Priestley, the noted English author, scientist and political writer, who came to Northumberland, Pennsylvania in 1799 to join his sons who had moved there some years earlier. Dr. Priestley was a friend of Benj. Franklin and was counted among the great literary and scientific characters of that day. He died in 1804.

From this sound beginning, the Priestley family has grown and flourished, spreading its good influences and making a well defined trail throughout the growth of the nation up to the present day.

Geo. C. Priestley is the worthy son of a long line of worthy sires and we look to see his recognition by the republicans of Oklahoma only the beginning of a series of triumphs which will eventually lead the party of the state on to victory.

Col. Priestley is not a youngster by any means. He is nearing the 50's and has an interesting family, a brilliant wife and several grown children. One daughter has just graduated at Ogentz College, Pa., and one son is engaged with him in business.

Such is the new man whose name is just now prominent in Oklahoma and it bodes well for the party and the state that men of his type are beginning to be recognized and appreciated.

## KANSAS CITY STOCK MARKET

Kansas City Stock Yards, June 17.—Smarting under their defeat last week, when they were forced to add 30 to 50 cents to cattle values, buyers threatened at the end of the week to break the market fifty cents this week. Killers are being criticised for the high cost of meat, and would be glad to cheapen it. But the demand holds up well, as labor all over the country is pretty generally employed, and the call for meat is insistent, despite the high price. Small killers are scurrying about the country in search of cheap beef, and there is enough of them to keep the big killers dodging. It would be possible for packers to carry out a threat to break prices half a dollar, but it would be like a man playing under water, he could not stay there very long. Receipts at the five leading markets last week were one-third less than during the same week last year, a condition that might easily excuse the advance recorded. Various markets reported big runs of cattle today, with prospects favoring lower markets, but the run here was modest, 8000 head, and in the native division everything sold strong and active, without a sign of the break threatened. A run of 180 cars of quarantines served as a reason for concessions from sellers there, running from weak to 10 lower, with the at \$9.00, Texas quarantines at \$8.10, close of the market the best. Top natives sold at \$9.25 today, Colorado at \$9.00, Texas quarantines at \$8.10, grass quarantines at \$5.00 to \$6.25. Hogs were received to the number of 6000 head here, light for Monday, but lower markets elsewhere caused a decline of weak to 5 cents here, top \$7.45, same as top in Chicago today, bulk \$7.15 to \$7.40. Sheep and lambs sold steady today, best spring lambs \$8.75, live loads of Arizona wethers \$5.80, natives with \$4.25. These prices are 25 cents above a week ago, except on lambs. The run is 11,000

today, containing a good share of low grade Texas and Arizona stuff.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLES

SAN FRANCISCO.	
North and East Bound.	
Leave Vanita	
No. 414—K. C. Meteor	1:40 a. m.
No. 12—California Express	3:45 a. m.
No. 416—Joplin Express	9:43 a. m.
No. 408—St. Louis Limited	7:05 p. m.
No. 10—St. Louis Meteor	11:44 p. m.
South and West Bound.	
No. 2—Okla. City & S. W.	2:05 a. m.
No. 413—Ok. City from K. C.	3:39 a. m.
No. 407—Ok. City fr. K. C.	3:24 p. m.
No. 11—California Express	1:20 p. m.
No. 415—Sapulpa Express	8:15 p. m.

M. K. & T. RAILWAY.	
North Bound.	
Leave Vanita	
No. 2—K. C. & S. Louis	12:09 a. m.
No. 6—Flyer	6:31 p. m.
No. 8—Parsons Bob	3:24 p. m.
No. 10—Katy Limited	5:37 a. m.
South Bound.	
No. 1—Texas Express	4:32 a. m.
No. 3—Texas Express	7:15 p. m.
No. 5—Flyer	9:45 a. m.

**Baptized in Irrigation Ditch.**  
Probably for the first time in the history of irrigation a new member of the church was immersed in an irrigation ditch in a baptismal ceremony, just west of Irrican, in the Canadian Pacific railway's irrigation block, Alberta. J. S. Culp, a farmer, and also pastor of the Church of the Brethren, officiated at the ceremony, and Mrs. E. Studebaker was the member who embraced the faith and was immersed in the irrigation ditch.

**Seems to Justify Superstition.**  
The opal associated with misfortune by Russians of both sexes, who should they chance to see an opal among the goods displayed for purchase will buy nothing more that day, and it is a curious fact that the Japanese, being under the sign that this stone belongs to, should be the nation to bring such ill luck to the Russians during the disastrous war between these two countries.

**Thought It a Purchase.**  
Some good luck had come to him in business that day and he felt as if he wanted to share it with others. So when he reached her house and dismissed the station hack with its two sorry horses he joyously handed the driver two dollars. The driver looked at the money, then at the man, and then at his horses, and finally said: "All right, sir, which horse do you want?"

**Magnificent Outdoor Theater.**  
Denmark has probably the finest natural outdoor theater in the world. It is situated in the royal deer park, about six miles out of the capital. There the avenues of mighty trees serve as wings and background to a stage fronted by a beech-encircled slope that forms a perfect auditorium. Eight thousand people can be accommodated at every performance.

**Virtue of Skunk Oil.**  
Wonderful virtues are ascribed to skunk oil by those in the mountains. Trappers use it to conceal all odor of man from fox or lynx or other animal wary of traps. In case of croup, or any bronchial or lung trouble, it rubs in quickly. With physicians at times many miles away, a bottle of skunk oil is always present in a mountaineer's family.

**For the Invalid.**  
When additional bed covering may be required by an invalid during the night lay a long piece of cord to the edge of a blanket laid at the foot of the bed and attach the other end to the head of the bed. All that is necessary for the invalid to do is to pull lightly on the cord, when up will come the cover.

## SHE GAVE UP ALL HOPE

Physicians Failed To Help Mrs. Green, But She Finally Found Relief in Cardui.

Moatze, Va.—Mrs. J. C. Green of this place, says: "I suffered with womanly troubles so that I could hardly sit up. Two of the best doctors in our town treated me, and I tried different medicines, until I gave up all hope of ever getting well."

One day, I decided to try some Cardui. It did so much for me that I ordered some more, and it cured me! Today, I feel as well as I ever did in my life.

The pains and the trouble are all gone. I feel like another person in every way. I wish every sufferer could know what Cardui will do for sick women.

A few doses of Cardui at the right time, will save many a big doctor bill, by preventing serious sickness.

It tones up the nervous system, and helps make pale cheeks fresh and rosy. Thousands of women have been restored to health and happiness by using Cardui. Suppose you try it. It may be just the medicine you need.

N. B.—Write for Ladies' Advice Dept., Chas. Green Medicine Co., Chas. Green, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

## PRINTING ONCE IN DISFAVOR

Followers of the Art Have Been Known to Exploit Their "Crimes" on the Gallows.

On the 15th of July, 1560, Martin Lhomme, one of two who were hanged in the Place Maubert by the decrees of the parliament, suffered because he had published a writing entitled "Epistre envoyee au tigre de la France" (A letter directed against the Tiger of France), a satire directed against the cardinal of Lorraine, then all powerful, which had probably been printed at Basle in Switzerland, or Strasburg, Germany. The culprit, according to the historian De Thou, was a poor little bookseller, a native of Rouen. While he was waiting at the gibbet, says Charles Winslow Hall in the National Magazine, one of his fellow countrymen, coming into Paris on business, saw him on his way and recognized him. "Then," says Regnier de la Planchette, "not knowing why he was condemned to death, he alighted from his horse at a neighboring hostelry, and, seeing the people very angry against the unfortunate man, cried to them, 'Eh, what, my friends, is it not enough that he dies? Leave him to the executioner. Would you like to torment him more than his sentence demands?' They considered the Norman's pity misplaced. He was forthwith arrested, judged and hanged four days later without any form of process in the same fatal Place Maubert."

**Promoters of Spirituality.**  
The old adage in regard to the way to a man's heart is regarded by some persons as a libel on masculine humanity, but Deacon Sampson of Cranston evidently did not regard it in that light.

He went much farther than the adage, and was willing to express his opinion at any time when it seemed best. When the members of the Central church were discussing the best way to interest the young people of the town and bring them into touch with church affairs, Deacon Sampson spoke his word.

"I believe in meetings," he said firmly; "nobody believes in 'em more, and nobody attends 'em more than I do, but along with the meetings I don't know of anything that promotes spiritual growth more'n, strawberry socials and oyster suppers, each according to its season."—Youth's Companion.

## Meteor's Rings.

In the entrance to the American Museum of Natural History in New York stands a large meteor brought to that city and presented to the museum by the Peary Expedition company. To handle the immense mass of metal and stone large iron hooks and rings were made fast at several places.

"The other day," said a museum guard, "a young New Yorker about seven years old stood with his mother admiring the exhibit. The mother read the description, saying that this came from another planet and was hurled through space, finally landing in the arctic regions."

"Mamma," asked the little Knickerbocker, "was that stone hung to the other planet by those rings?"

## Policeman's Novel Excuse.

Policemen on trial at headquarters are apt at excuses, says the New York Sun. Former Inspector Williams used to tell of an officer who was charged with having lost his whistle. When asked to explain he said: "You see, I went home last night and put my whistle on the table. I turned round and, bless me, one of my kids was choking and nearly black in the face. You see commissioner, he'd swallowed the whistle!" "Is he dead?" asked the sympathetic commissioner. "No, sir," was the reply. "He isn't dead, but he's got the whooping cough, and now every time he coughs the whistle blows and the cop on the post comes a running."

## Good Mental Tonic.

As appearance means so much to the average woman, mentally as well as socially, the question often arises, "Is she justified in aiding or improving nature if she sees fit?" Many of our well-known medical men think that "makeup" is as good a mental tonic as anyone can take and greatly advises its use, especially for the girl who has some slight personal defect—a scar, a poor complexion or bloodless lips, for the knowledge of her defects makes her shy and oftentimes sulky and miserable.

We owe it to our friends as well as to ourselves to look our best at all times and the girl who can improve her appearance without harming her self, should do so. Nothing gives us quite the self-confidence as to feel we look well.

Acne is usually warm-hearted, sensible and cheerful. That is because they make the best of themselves in face and form. An old saying is true: "The face is often a reflex of the mind, and in a measure it is no less true that the mind is a reflex of the face."

## Hospital Service for Dogs.

A special ambulance service has recently been started in London for wounded dogs. It is run in connection with the Animals' Hospital and Institute at Kinnerton street, Pimlico. When a dog is run over in the street or injured in any way, the hospital may be phoned and a motor ambulance is immediately dispatched. A qualified attendant always accompanies the ambulance.

## MADE UNITED GERMANY HAS A STEADY GRAFT

HONOR ACCORDED AUTHOR OF "DIE WACHT AM RHEIN."

Town of Tuttlingen, Birthplace of Max Schneckenburger, is Preparing to Erect Monument to Its Famous Citizen.

Neldingen, Gutmadingen, Geisingen, Immendingen, Mohringen, Tuttlingen—all these are passed before reaching our first camp. But of these Tuttlingen is our darling. We have not passed a village that could have made us happy for many days; each with its ruined castles, its medieval tower, its steep gables, its colored tiles, cheery peasants; but, writes Poultney Bigelow in "From the Black Forest to the Black Sea," all this, and more, too, is united in Tuttlingen. This little town also has its feudal castle, its ruined battlements, its legends, and its quaint gables; but it has more than this—it has the proud distinction of having educated the poet who made United Germany. The war-song that has made all Germans merge their local differences in one great purpose—the common fatherland; that united Bavarians and Prussians, Saxons and Wurttembergers, in 1870; that brought victory over the French, and an imperial crown to the house of Hohenzollern—that song is "Die Wacht am Rhein," written at the age of twenty-one, by a lad whose schooling was obtained in Tuttlingen. It is needless to say that his name is Max Schneckenburger.

The people of Tuttlingen are now raising the money needed to place here a worthy monument to the man who has made their town famous. They have placed a square pedestal upon the bank of the stream as a mute invitation to help on the noble work. Of course, we brought our mite from across the Atlantic, and promised to stir our friends up also. In Tuttlingen is a committee of the leading citizens, who are prepared to receive and acknowledge contributions.

Little is known of Schneckenburger. He died in 1849, when only thirty years of age. His father blackened boots and lifted trunks in a village tavern near Tuttlingen, but was obviously of superior character, for he eventually became a small merchant and married well. Max was, too, poor; but in Tuttlingen he was thoroughly schooled and then sent to Switzerland, where the post of errand boy was given him in a grocery store. His short life was one of hard work and small earnings, far from his beloved fatherland, and seeing of the world only what appeared in the course of trips made as a commercial traveler. His widow assures us that a day never passed that Schneckenburger did not kneel in prayer for his fatherland, and his motto, chosen at the age of fifteen, was this word alone, "Deutsch." In 1840 he wrote "Die Wacht am Rhein" as an indignant protest against the French pretensions of that time, but the battles of Gravelotte and Sedan had been fought before his country was made to know the source of their inspiration. Schneckenburger is another of the many names that humanity loves to honor, but which, alas! humanity discovers long after its honor has ceased to be of any material consequence.

## Got Rid of His Creditor.

Leapes, the French journalist, known as "Timothée Trimm," was once disagreeably intruded on by a creditor, who announced his intention of not departing until he was paid. The creditor planted himself on a chair, and Leapes beheld him, with consternation, draw bread and cheese from his pockets, as though to fortify himself against events. Several hours glided by; Leapes had resumed his writing and finished an article. The creditor showed no signs of moving. Suddenly Leapes rose, and with bits of newspaper began carefully blocking all the apertures through which air could come into the room. He then made preparations for lighting a charcoal fire; but before applying the match, pasted on the wall, just opposite the creditor's eyes, a paper thus laconically worded: "Take notice that we died of our own will." "What are you doing?" exclaimed the creditor, uneasily. "Your society would render life intolerable, so we are going to commit suicide together," answered Timothée tranquilly. It is needless to say that the creditor decamped.

## Art of Happiness.

Happiness is about the most misunderstood thing on this earth. People believe that they know just what it is, and invariably answer that they are striving for it daily. Yet the average person's hazy idea of happiness consists of a palace, six automobiles, three or four houseboats, an army of servants, tons of stuff to eat and drink, and a full-sized mint of money.

If one would only figure out where lies his happiness he would be better armed for the fight. The trouble is that we do not know what we want. And that is why we struggle along, day after day, in a leisurely, careless manner. There is an idea hovering over us that there is a bright future ahead, and we stop our thoughts there.

First determine what you want. Plan how to get it. And then fight for it. Happiness will be realized in the struggle, and when you finally get what you want supreme happiness will be yours.

## SMALL BOY TOOK PICTURE OF SISTER IN WORK RIG.

Now She Has to Pay Him 25 Cents for a Print Each Time Her Best Beau Is to Call, and Youth Rejoices.

Perhaps the orneriest, meanest small boy extant lives in New York. This boy's sister, who is of marriageable age, gave him a cheap camera for his birthday recently. The boy used his camera for legitimate purposes for a few days, but that way of using the machine finally palled upon him and he thought up a scheme.

He waited until his sister got her self rigged out for her share of the work in the weekly housecleaning. Then, unbeknownst to her, he took a full-length snapshot of her just as she was. The young woman is pretty and decidedly winsome looking, but this negative, taken of her by her small brother, shows her standing with a broom in her hand, clad in a loose, voluminous, ornate calico wrapper, with a towel tied around her head and with her curl-papered hair, giving her the appearance of a beetle.

The boy developed the negative and made a print of it. When he showed it to his sister she thought it was rather funny, nor suspecting the "edge" which the negative gave the small boy over her.

"He's a-comin' tonight, ain't he?" said the small boy after showing his sister the print.

"He? Who? Mind your own business, kid!" said the sister after the manner of sisters thus addressed by younger brothers in such connections.

"He's a-comin' tonight," repeated the small boy. "How much do you give me for the picture of you?"

Then she saw the connection. "Why, you little incorrigible!" she said, "what do you—"

"Gimme a quarter and I won't show it to him," said the boy in a business-like tone.

And he stood pat. Expostulations and pleadings didn't go. He held out for his terms, which were 25 cents, payable in advance, no more, no less. She promptly tore it up and put it in the fire. But the boy still had the negative hidden away, and on the very next occasion when his sister's young man was due to call in the evening he sprang another print from the negative upon her. He got another quarter for the surrender of this print, too.

He knows a good thing when he has got it, does this extraordinarily mean, small boy, and he has been flashing one of the prints from the negative upon his sister every night upon which her may-be youth is due for a visit. She has offered him \$1 for the negative, but the boy prefers to draw interest instead of sacrificing his principal, and he retains possession of the negative up to the hour of going to press.

## Cure That Failed.

The story recently published in a southern newspaper, to the effect that an ignorant negro had given her little girl a mixture of dog's blood and powdered bone to cure her of a fever, recalls an Indian prescription contained in an old volume entitled "Primitive Superstitions."

An Indian had been desperately hurt in a fight with a grizzly bear, and the medicine man prescribed a mixture of rattlesnakes' heads, worn-out moccasins and chewing tobacco, seasoned with pepper and bear's grease, of which the patient was to drink a pint every half hour. "He was a brave man," says the story, "but he died with the utmost expedition." The members of the tribe agreed that the remedy was faultless, and that death was due to the fact that the medicine man had failed to order that it should be administered to the accompaniment of a dance and a yell.

## Snug Bed for a Queen.

Instances of something strangely like humor sometimes creep into the British periodicals, in spite of everything. Among the stories told by the London papers of the late Dr. Robinson Duckworth, canon of Westminster, is one of a somewhat uncourtly remark which he made once when showing Queen Victoria over Westminster abbey. When they came to the spot where kings and queens lie, Queen Victoria shivered a little and said: "I should not care to be buried here—it seems so cold and damp."

"Madam," replied Duckworth, "I assure you it is perfectly dry. You would be quite nice and snug."

It strikes a mere American that the queen's part of this interview shows more humor than the reverend canon's. But Victoria's sense of humor was Teutonic.

## A Strike on Babel.

The confusion of tongues had done its destined part, work on the tower of Babel being pretty much suspended, when all at once Welsh emerged from the racket.

The sound of consonants being pronounced without the help of vowels was at once seen to cause no small uneasiness in high quarters.

"No use overdoing the business!" these hastily exclaimed, and forthwith called a halt.

As for Welsh, what was done could not, of course, be undone; but the ensuing distribution of languages happily relegated it to the remote corner of a remote island of the sea, so that the embarrassment was by no means what it might have been.—Puck

## The Onlooker



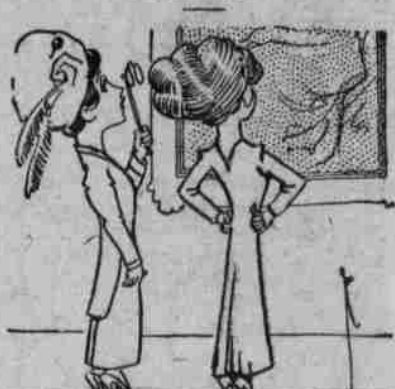
I love the man who works  
For the simple joy of the working.  
Who neither loafs nor shirks  
Nor in discontent is lurking.  
I love the man who toils  
For the glory of achieving—  
But—  
A raise in pay  
When it comes his way  
Is a fine thing, I'm believing.

I love the man who paints,  
To give heart and soul expression  
His sinners and his saints  
Show the art in his possession.  
He paints for future years,  
That their days may all be better—  
But—  
I think it is nice  
If he gets his price  
While his paint is wet, or wetter.

I love the man who writes—  
Be it play, or song, or story;  
Who spends his days and nights  
In pursuit of fame and glory;  
The product of his mind  
Will make undrawn days sunny—  
But—  
I'm glad again  
When his busy pen  
Brings him plenty of good money.

We bluff, we sigh, we prate,  
Of the purpose of our labor,  
But let me calmly state  
For your benefit, my neighbor,  
Work is its own reward.  
Just a little bit too often—  
And—  
Though ideals cheer  
It seems better here  
When the checks the hard spots soften.

## ARTISTIC.



"How do you like my portrait?" I think Mr. D'Auber has painted my cheeks marvelously."

"Yes. Better than you can do, yourself."

## A Little Fable.

Once upon a Time there was a Fair Maiden who possessed a Timid, Shrinky Disposition, and thought the Men were Just Dreadful.

She had Two Admirers. She was Inexpressibly Shocked to Hear one of them Swear on an Occasion of Stress. She was Inexpressibly Relieved not to hear the Other One Swear under the same Circumstances.

Both Admirers Proposed, and the Timid Maiden thought the Matter over for Fifteen Minutes, then Rejected the First because he was a Profane Man, and also Rejected Number Two because she Feared that he was Only acting a Part and would swear if he had the Nerve.

Moral—There was Another Man.

## An Economical Trait.

"No, Frederick," she says, "I do not think I ought to sit on your knees."

"But, ducky," he urges, "it is perfectly proper for you to do so now that we are engaged."

"Lovely," she murmurs, "I know it is proper, but your trousers have just been creased and if I sit on your knees it will press out the creases and compel you to go to the expense of having the trousers pressed again. I think we should always think of how we can save money and thus lay the foundation for a future fortune."

Taking her lily white hand in his, he murmurs—

What would a man murmur under the circumstances?"

## Cruel Man.

She stamped her feet in pretty rage. "Ha! Ha!" sneered the heavy villain. "You'll have to pay excess postage on them. You had as well stamp them some more."

True, her feet were not the kind that made Cinderella famous, but was it real chivalry in him to say such things?

—Theodor Drebit